~~~~~

VOLUME XLIV.

BELLEFONTAINE, LOGAN COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1898.

NUMBER 79.



KEEP YOUR SHEEP !



HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

in Logan County. All stock recorded. Make your selections early and get first choice. Prices reasonable.

G. A HENRY,

BELLEFONTAINE, O.



Fan Mill. Seed Separator, Cleaner and Grader.

THE HOOSIER

PATENTED MAY 18, 1897 ... I T will clean, separate, and grade all kinds of seed or grain. It will separate Bye, Oats, Barley, Cockle, Mustard and Cheat from Wheat. It will separate Buckhorn, Dock, Ragweed, Plantain, Sand, and all other impurities from Clover Seed. Will Separate Clover from Timothy, and any other separation desired. It will clean and separate Wheat into two grades at one operation, at the rate of one bushel every minute. It has a motion different from all other machines, and will not dance about the floor. It is smaller, neater, and has a greater screen capacity than any mill on the market. It will pay for itself in one season. Call at the factory and see this machine work.

DeGraff Manufacturing Co,

Send for Catalogue.

CRAFF, OHIO.

Snaths, Lawn Mowers, Harnesses, Binders and Mowers.

John Plummer.

120 WEST COLUMBUS AVE., BELLEFONTAINE, OHIO

Agents Wanted.

FOUR LOOP

HOOKS AND EYES.

PRACTICAL, SENSIBLE.

They Stay Hooked.

Leave Surface Flat.

HANDSOME AND NEAT.

Kalamazoo Corset Co.,

SOLE AGENTS, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

.. SOLD BY ..

A. BUTLER,

Bellefontaine, Ohio.

No Pulling Loose.

No Gapping.

Sew

Through

the

Four

Loops.

Hard and Soft Coal, 201 South Main! Street.

Coal delivered to any part of the city on short notice, Telephone 22. Leave your orders or call at

But Plummer is slaying the price on GASOLINE STOVES also has a large stock of Screen Doors, Windows, Wire, Ice THE UP-TOWN COAL OFFICE Cream Freezers, Refrigerators, Beekeeper's Supplies, Scythes, Jan. 26, 1897-tt.

DENTIST.

Special attention given to operations on the natural teeth and the care

THE ROUND OAK FURNACE Office, Room 20, Lawrence Bldg. BELLEFONTAINE O.

> Just-What

> > YOU ARE LOOKING FOR.

Something Nice

FOR A WEDDING, BIRTHDAY OR HOLIDAY PRESENT.

WE HAVE THEM.

the most powerful heater, greatest fuel saver and most durable in construction

200 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

AT BELLEFONTAINE,

STATE OF OHIO, COUNTY OF LOGAN, 88:

I, B. B. Keller, Cashier of the above-names bank, do solemnly swear that the above state ment is true to the best of my knowldege ambelief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of September. 1888.

W. A. WEST,

Notary Public.

ROBERT LAMB, JNO. M. RIDDLE, J. B. WILLIAMS,

DeLand's "Cap Sheaf" Brand Soda.



NATIONAL FLAGS. each large package of CAP SHEAP SODA. DeLAND & CO., Pairport, N. T.

CARTER BROTHERS, Agents, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

Tremain's Insurance Agency

Office 1 and 2 Empire Block, No. 125% South Main Street, Bellefontain Insures against Loss or Damage by

7ire, Lightning, Tornadoes

W. C. TREMAIN, Agent.

THE Agency.

W. A. WEST, Agent.

ing mortgage and may repay in any year or fifth of the principal. Office Opposite West Door of Court House.
MAIN STREET. BELLEFONTAINE, OSIO

At 6 Per Cent.

A. Jay Miller,

IMPORTANT INFORMATION!

A. PEEBLES.

THE TAILOR, Is now prepared to furnish Fall and Winter Suits and Overcoats

At prices ranging from

Less than others can. Goods, Trimmings and Workmanship First-class.

WHEREFORE HE SENT NOT ROSES. [Adaptation from Greek prose of Philostr

The Peoples' National Bank Thou blamest me because I sent No roses unto thee, But never slight to thee was meant, Nor lack of leve in me. in the State of Ohlo, at the Close of Bus

oans and discounts..... tures 3,000 of Due from State Banks and Bankers. 768 5

Due from State Banks and Bankers. 112,578 1

Checks and other cash items 5,309 4

U.S. Revenue Stamps 267 5

Notes of other National Banks 43,631 6

Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents 137 4 6,309 4 267 2 43,631 0 LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ: 1,125 0

DOLLARS 

September 30, 1898.

eastern Cuba in February and March, 1898, which were very busy months in the cable office at Santiago, where I had been for four years. In the early part of 1895 we seldom handled more than 30 messages a day, but after the insurrection began the number rose to 90 and 100 daily, increasing a little every

Nay, but I thought thine auburn hair

And crowned with thy roses fair; Thou hadst no need of mine.

In Homer Meleager claims No wreath but tresses bright. Roses were flame upon the flames

And soon it falls and dies, And legend saith its birth befell In melancholy wise,

For Cypris, hasting on her way,

Then blame me not because I sent

Was pierced by a thorn, And from her blood, the Cyprians say,

Wouldst thou be crowned? Oh, beware Those blossoms pitiless! They spared not Cypris. Would they spare Thy fragrant loveliness?

No roses unto thee,
For never slight to thee was meant,
Nor lack of love in me!

—Percy Osborn in Fortnightly Review.

A DASH FOR NEWS.

I was the only American operator in

Or light adorning light.

The cable from Santiago to Spain I do not speak for him. Senor Merode, goes under sea first to Kingston, Ja-I said in Spanish, "these gentleme maica, thence to Porto Rico, thence to wish to see the record tapes.' St. Croix, and from there to Paramaribo and Pernambuco in Brazil. Cables from Pernambuco cross the south Atlantic to St. Vincent, Cape Verde islands, and from St. Vincent other cables extend to Madeira, thence to Lisbon, and overland to Madrid. There is also a less direct fellow. But the Cuban seized him by cable from Pernambuco to St. Louis, in the collar before he could open the Senegal, Africa, and thence to the Cadrawer, flung him violently backward

nary islands and Cadiz. Beside myself there was but one other operator in the Santingo office, Laurin Merode, a young Spaniard, who had learned cable work at Lisbon. We thought that 100 messages daily made work enough, but over 800 passed the day after the Maine was blown up in Havana harbor. Four more operators were needed, and we called to Havana for help, but no notice was taken of the and placing it on the table here. our appeal, and rather than desert our posts and leave the company's business complied, and he began rapidly unrolling undone we slaved night and day, al- the tape through his fin

One day we sent 13,742 words in over 1,100 dispatches, yet we were two hours isn't it?" "What ails your mouse mill?" 'back" at midnight, with Havana fum-"Say, friend, your record here looks like the teeth of an old, dull buck saw." ing at us over the land wire, and still hurrying messages through the Cienfue-gos cable. There were Spanish govern ment cipher messages from Sagasta to Blanco, and Blanco cipher to Sagasta; eams of bombast from the Cuban correspondents of the Imparcial and Correo Thus fully an hour passed. It seemed much more than an hour indeed before for Madrid, followed by more cipher to Weyler at Barcelona from his brother officers at Havana, and then the bankers and merchants quoting, selling and

To add to our vexations the "mous mill" of the siphon recorder gave trouble constantly, and the clockwork that carries the record tape broke down every lay or two. Now, a Spaniard is utterly without native ingenuity. Merode was a plerably good operator, but when it ame to rectifying faults of the instrunent he was an infant, and all such asks fell on me.

Anything like clockwork I can "tink-er," but the mouse mill that works the siphon pen is a very delicate bit of echanism, which assists the faint electric impulses that come great distances through the cable to move the ink point of the recorder to and fro on the tape. I suppose I had taken the record tape

clockwork and mouse mill apart 20 different times, and on the evening of the 2d of April, after Merode relieved me, than they had thought him. He had I set to work to wind a new motor coil for the mouse mill, which had worked the fort for aid. so very badly all day that rather than struggle with it longer I had determined to sit up all night and build a new

The cable house at Santiago is a most onesome place, particularly at night, but a Spanish sentinel was supposed to pass the door every three minutes. These poor fellows were rarely paid, MONEY TO LOAN and often looked in at the door to beg a cigarette. So when the outside door opened behind us that evening I supsed the incomer was the sentinel, and Farm Security and Papers promptly I did not even look around till an men and Merode, I pulled the American mused voice exclaimed, "Aha, senors,

after me through a door, back of the tables, which opened into our battery room. In this back room was a window A Spanish sentinel begging a cigarette loes not speak in that tone, so Merode and I faced round with a jump. There stood a rather tall, good looking young fellow, in a white duck suit and white time to get forward into the cable room cap, regarding us keenly, and a step behind him was a typical Cuban rebel sombrero, long mustachios, broad belt, long boots, revolver and machete.

the light revealed I will not speak. In an instant Merode was on his feet After the manner of Spanish justice, and shouted, "Sentinela!" at which both Merode and myself were put unour unexpected visitors laughed good der arrest pending an investigation, humoredly, and the Cuban said, "I which showed that neither of us knew must beg the senor telegrafero not to anything about the affair. Yet the comdistress himself concerning the worthy mandant at Santiago suspected that I sentinel, for that watchful soldier is had planned it and sent me under arnow lying comfortably on his back outrest to Havana by steamer the following side, with a gag in his mouth, and his hands are tied to his feet."

1 expected to remain in Las Cabanas "Well, who are you and what do you for the rest of my days, but was dis-missed without trial the second day want here?" I exclaimed in Spanish. "The young man in white duck after arriving there and left Havana "You are an American; any- along with 180 other Americans on the body could tell that by your Spanish. following Sunday .- Youth's Compan-Oh, I know about you. Speak English."
"Certainly," I replied. "What do
you want here?"

"Are the Spanish warships, Vizcaya and Oquendo, still at Porto Rico? Has the torpedo flotilla arrived there, or has do for the present.—New York Truth."

"I reckon it's asking a heap too much of you, John, but don't hold it against me. I couldn't see any other way. Goodby, John." She was turning away.

"I reckon it's asking a heap too much of you, John, but don't hold it against me. I couldn't see any other way. Goodby, John." She was turning away.

WE ARE SEVEN.

[A modern complication.] I met a little girl one day, Ehe was eight years old, she said; A hat that was made in a wonderful way Rose high above her head.

it gone to St. Vincent, at Cape Verde?"

"It is contrary to the rules of the ca-

ble company for me to give such infor-

mation," I replied. "Besides, all these

Spanish government messages are in

cipher, which I am not supposed to

"Don't let the cipher trouble you," he replied laughing. "I have the key to

"As to who I am," he continued

"my name's Macomber. I am the cor-

respondent of the ——." He named an American journal. "News as to the

whereabouts of the Spanish torpedo

boats and those cruisers would be valu-

able just now, not only to my paper,

Now, you are an American, and a good

patriot, I dare say. Will you help us

"I'm a good patriot," said L "And

I am also an honest man, employed here

to do a certain duty, which I will not

well, I shall examine your tapes by

Spain," said I. "I have no force to re-

"Thanks. That's all I ask. Just you

"Do you think you can read our tapes?" I asked incredulously. "Sure. I was a cable operator three

"But where did you get your cipher

"That's a matter that was arranged

in Havana three months ago. Your

"Look for yourself," I said. "But

ny fellow operator here is a Spaniard.

Merode had stood listening, making

out what we said with difficulty

'Nunca!" (never) he exclaimed excited

ly and made a jump for the big tabl

drawer, with some notion, I think, of

destroying the tapes. He was a plucky

"Don't hurt him, Luiz," shouter

Macomber, and then, after a steady

glance at me, he stepped to the drawer

mself and took out the rolls of tape.

"This will be a somewhat long an

redious business," he remarked, begin-

ning to unroll one of them. "You might

help me if you would, but at least

oblige me by turning up the lamp a lit-

"Thanks," he went on when I had

well and fast, and his running commen

I sat back and quietly looked on.

Merode still lay on the floor. The Cu-

ban stood watching us both. If Merode

stirred, he shook his machete at him.

our American visitor found what he

"Ah!" he exclaimed at last. "Here

cent, too, instead of coming to Havana.

That's all I wanted to know," he

continued, turning to me. "Sorry to

eave your tapes in such a mess, but I

really cannot stop to roll them up

again, for I must be well out to sea be-

fore daylight. Oblige us now, both of you, by remaining quiet here after we bid you good night."

But just then there was a new noise

ontside. The door opening to the street was flung back, and there stood a Span-

ish lieutenant from the fort, with half

a dozen soldiers at his back, for the

Spanish sentry—a boy of 18—whom they had gagged and tied up outside of

the lieutenant with a swing of his ma-

chete and was at once shot down by a

soldier who fired over the shoulder of

Macomber showed better judgment if

ess courage. He dashed the lamp out

and grasped me by the arm. "Help me

It would be difficult for any one to

resist the appeal of a fellow countryman

at such a time. While the soldiers rushed

in, tramping and falling over the slain

looking out on the harbor side, from

which Macomber swung in an instant

and decamped without a word. I had

before Merode, who had regained his

feet, struck a match and relighted the

amp. Of the grewsome spectacle which

his falling officer.

out," he said.

Your ink's coagulated.'

on the floor and drew his machete.

tape bobbins for the current week are in

the table drawer, I presume?"

sist you, but I will not help you."

sit quiet."

years.

"You will not help me, then? Very

"It is not my business to fight for

but to the American navy at Key

know anything about."

their cipher all right."

She had a fin de siecle air And she was rightly clad.

Her eyes were black, her face was fair,
Her beauty made me glad.

Sisters and brothers, little maid, How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And, wondering, looked at me.

She answered: "Seven are we, And two of us with mother dwell, "And two came into the family

Along with my second mother;

A boy and girl, so they, you see,
Are my sister and my brother." "You say that two with your mother dw

Then did the little maid reply:

"Seven boys and girls are we; Four and two are six, and I Make the seventh. Don't you see?" As sure as you're alive.

Subtract your new stepmother's two
And ye are only five." "My ma and pa live far apart, Each married to another.

My ma has two to cheer her heart,

"My father took my sister Jane, My brother John and me. If you can count, it must be plain Enough that he has three.

"Three and two are five, you know, And then those other two Make seven in all. Now I must go, Since I've made it plain to you."

"Those two your stepma brought will n Have seats with you in heaven."
Twas throwing words away, for she
With pitying looks regarded me
And answered, "We are seven!"
—Chicago News.

SAVED THE FARM.

John Smith had a hobby, an uncon querable aversion to old maids. And yet, as in very mockery of his pet antipathy, his only child, Sarah, had developed into the hated object, right in his own household. Sarah was tall and angular, like he

father, but her face was pleasing and her disposition mild and amiable. had never revolted against anything in her life-not even against the injustice of spending her youth in making pre serves, apple butter or piecing quilts while other girls were making merry. One day Jackson Smith received a hurt, and when Dr. Brown was called

in he told Jackson his days were numered. Then it was that h old maids proved itself. "I'll never leave this place to a woman

"Oh, this is a dandy siphon of yours, that can't get a husband," he said

hance; we've always kept her down," emonstrated his weeping wife. He waved his hand to silence her. Woman, no old maid shall inherit my place. I've sent by the doctor for Law-

er Clarke, and he'll come tomorrow. There's money enough in bank for you, but I'll fix it so that at your death it will go with the farm. Jackson Goggan, iny namesake, shall get it all." \* Tearfully Mrs. Smith imparted the

re are. So the Vizcaya and Oquendo left Porto Rico for St. Vincent last facts to Sarah. "Mother, would he turn you out of Sunday. Good. Blanco is informed that the old place just because he hates me?" and Sarah looked incredulous. the torpedo flotilla is going to St. Vin-

The elder woman nodded; then Sarah kissed the round, sunburned face and said: "Mother, I never have revolted against father, but I'm going to save the place for you. I wouldn't mind so much, but you shall never leave your home. I'm going out now to think it over," and putting on her pink sunbon-net she went out the back door. When some distance from the house, she sat down in the shade of a tree, and while her heart beat loudly over her father's contemplated injustice she resolved to

ontwit him. "There's Josh Mullin, he might-but I can't bear Josh; he chews tobacco, and his mouth always looks dirty." cast her eyes over the landscape, and on worked himself loose and had run to the next farm she saw the figure of a man in the field. "Yes, there's John The Cuban turned instantly, killed Howard, but"-and her face grew pink-"I hate somehow to ask it of him." Then the tear stained face of her mother passed before her mental vision, and, giving a jerk to her sunbonnet, she

> John Howard was hoeing corn. When he saw Sarah approaching, he stopped and leaned on his hoe, a look of concern on his face "Is the old man worse, Sarah?" he

> started down the path across the mead-

"Yes. Dr. Brown says he can't live

John, it's awful the way he is!" "Yes, but you have been a good, sao rificing daughter, Sarah, and you can't blame yourself for anything, you""Oh, you don't understand, John! He's going to leave everything to-to Jackson Goggan, and mother'll have to leave the place," she half sobbed. "You can't mean it, Sarah! Why-

why, that would be outrageous. What nakes him talk of such a thing?" "Because - because - I am an old naid; he hates all old maids," and her face grew pinker than the sunbonnet. John Howard shifted the hoe to the

other arm and looked down. "John, I've come to ask you-oh John, don't think me brazen; it's for mother's sake. I can't stand to see her turned out, and for my fault, and if you will only help me and-and-come up to the house and pretend that we are to be married-just until after the will is made-it wouldn't be so very wrong, John-not so bad as letting mother be John—not so tad as letting mother be stopped worrying, and he laughs a lit-put out of her home." She caught her the stopped worrying, and he laughs a lit-tle as he says to himself that he's got breath in short gasps, but when John

"Don't go yet, Sarah. I-I think idea is good, but it might not work. Jackson Smith is sharp. He'd see right through it, but-if-if you would be willing we could drive over to Squire Hall's this afternoon and get married. I wouldn't trouble you any, Sarah. We could go on just the same, and I'll never want to marry any one else, and if you should you could get a divorce, you know."

"Oh, you're sure it makes no differnce-you don't mind, John?" Her

tone was eager.
"No, I don't mind. I'd help you any way I could, Sarah. It's nigh noon now. I'll drive over for you in the buggy right after dinner.

"I'll be ready, and-I wouldn't have asked you, John, only-only-you un-derstand how it is, don't you?" Her face was red again.

"Why, Sarah, where have you been? You look as rosy as a poppy," and Mrs. Smith wiped the tears from her eyes as she gazed at her daughter's face. "I've been attending to business for

us, mother. You will not leave the place. I'm going over to Squire Hall's this evening. John Howard is coming to take me in the buggy."

The sun was sinking low in the west when John Howard and Sarah returned from the squire's.

"Will you come in, John, and stay about some? I'd—I'd rather you'd tell him, if you don't mind," Sarah said. John hitched the horse and went in. He walked to the bedside of Jackson

Smith and sat down,
"Uncle Jackson," he began, "I've come to tell you what I've done. You know that I've often warned you that some day you would lose the most valuable possession you had"—
"It's the brindle heifer," interrupted

Jackson Smith, his eyes snapping angrily. "John Howard, you think because I am on my deathbed that you can do as you please, but I'll show you. It's just like you to shoot a neighbor's heifer just because she jumped into your wheat. I don't expect anything better of you—the whole party is made up of thieves and cutthroats—but I'll eave it in my will. Jackson Goggan back exhausted from his outburst.

"If you get that angry over that brindle heifer, Uncle Jackson, I don't know what you will say when I tell She you that I have not touched the heifer, but I have married Sarah."

"Married - Sarah!" and Jackson Smith's eyes dilated. "Married Sarah!" he said, under his breath. "John, give me your hand. I knew Sarah was a Smith. Why, there never was an old maid in the Smith family, but it did seem she meant to take after the Walk--married! I can go in peace, John, now that you have lifted the disgrace from the Smith family. Call Sarah. I

want to give her the brindle heifer. When the lawyer came the next day, ne wrote a will bequeathing all, save a life interest to Mrs. Smith, to his beloved daughter, Sarah, who had gladlened the last hours of his life.

A few days later, with all due cere nony, Jackson Smith was laid away by the side of other Smiths. John Howard went home with his wife and her mother. At the porch he halted awkwardly,

seeing which Sarah turned.
"Will you come in, John?" she asked "I'm afraid it would only pester you if I did. I-reckon I ought to go hor but I hate to leave you—you women folks alone—and you'll be kind of lonesome now."

"You might stay. We would fix up father's room real comfortable if you would just as soon," said Sarah, beginning to realize the awkwardness of her "I'd like to, Sarah. I could tend the

crop just as well, but I'd feel as if I was living off of you women, and-and you might get to hate me if I hung "You needn't be afraid of that John," said Sarah, tapping her foot nervously on the porch floor. "It would

be the easiest way out of our-our-di-

lemma, but, if you'd rather not stay we

could explain to folks how it was that you just married me to save the farm."
"But, Sarah, if we told that, it would be a lie. I took advantage of your trouble to get you married to me, and you didn't suspect me, but now I feel when I tell you the truth." Sarah gazed at him in wonder. What could he mean, she thought, but no sound came from her lips, and he continued: "I've been trying for ten years to ask you to marry me, but I never could do it, and when you came to me in your trouble I jumped at the chance, Sarah, because I wanted you-I've always wanted you, but now I feel I can't stay-unless you can take

eyes did not lift to her face. "John!" Her eyes were open wide in amaze, and the face so lately tear stained became radiant with unexpected joy. "You love me?" she questioned in glad unbelief. "Why, I have loved you all this time, too," she whispered. -Cincinnati Commercial Tribune

The Worrying Habit.

A prime necessity of our permanent freedom from worrying is the possession of the personal quality commonly known as sand. If a man has not been endowed with sand by nature, he must pick it up for himself. Nobody is going to give him any, but he can do this easier than

Most of the things we worry over are only bugbears that fade and disappear upon the first attack. Herein lies the first secret of success-in attack-and the great secret lies in persistence, in keeping always at work. The man who find the first thing he knows that he's All She Required.

Agent—Has your piano an automatic

Was silent her pink face suddenly paled.

knows he finds his sandbox is no longer

## \*\*\*\*\*\* If Youare Thinking \_\_\_\_

J.K. MILLIGAN

**BURNS** 

Of buying a WATCH? It will be to your interest to call and see us. Our stock is large and prices low. Come in and take a look at our RINGS, CHAINS, BRACELETS, SPECTACLES, SILVER KNIVES, FORKS and SPOONS. Now is the time to select, and

SOFT COAL, or WOOD.

you can not do better than call and see us. DAVIS BROS., JEWELERS, EMPIRE BLOCK.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

No. 104 North Main Street,

"The news."